THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

This familiar Miscellany, from which all religious and political matters are excluded, contains a variety of original and selected Articles; comprehending LITERATURE, CRITICISM, MEN and MANNERS, AMUSEMENT, elegant EXTRACTS, POETRY, ANECDOTES, BIOGRAPHY, METEOROLOGY, the DRAMA, ARTS and SCIENCES, WIT and SATIRE, FASHIONS, NATURAL HISTORY, &c. forming a handsome ANNUAL VOLUME, with an INDEX and TITLE-PAGE. *Its circulation renders it a most eligible medium for Advertisements.*—Regular supplies are forwarded weekly to the Agents, viz.

LONDON—Sherwood and Co. Booksellers; E. Marlborough, Ave-Maria-lane; T.C.Smith, 36, St. James-street.

Ashborne, Derb.—W. Hoon; *Ashton*—T. Cunningham; *Bilston*—S. Bassford; *Birmingham*-R. Wrightson; *Bolton*-J.Kell; Brannwood; *Blackburn*—T. Rogerson; *Bradford*—J. Stanfield; *Bristol*—Hillyard & Morgan; J. Norton; *Burnley*—T. Sutcliffe; *Burslem*—S. Brougham; R. Timmis: *Bury*—J. Kay; *Carlisle*—H K. Snowden; *Chester*—R. Taylor; *Chorley*—C. Robinson; *Clitheroe*—H. Whalley; *Colne*—H. Earnshaw; *Congleton*—S. Yates; *Denbigh*—M. Jones; *Doncaster*—C. & J. White; *Dublin*—De Joncourt and Harvey: and, through them, all the booksellers in *Ireland*. *Dumfries*—J Anderson; *Durham*—Geo. Andrews; *Glasgow*-Robertson & Co.; *Halifax*—N. Whitley; *Hanley*—T. Allbut; *Huddersfield*—T. Smart; *Hull*—J. Perkins; *Kendal*—M.& R. Branthwaite; *Lancaster*—J. Miller; *Leeds*—H. Spink; J. Clark; *Manchester*—J. Fletcher; T. Sowler B. Wheeler; and G. Bentham; *Macclesfield*—P. Hall; *Mottram*—R. Wagstaff *Newcastle-under-Lyme*-J. Mort; *Newcastle-u.-Tyne*—J. Finley; *Northwich*—G. Fairhurst; *Nottingham*—C. Sutton; *North Shields*—Miss Barnes; *Oldham*—J. Dodge; *Ormskirk*—W. Garside; *Oswestry*-W. Price; Edwards; *Penrith*—J. Shaw; *Prescot*—A. Ducker; *Preston* I. Wilcockson; I. Walker; *Ripon*—T. Langdale; *Rochdale*—J. Hartley; *Sheffield*—T. Orton; *Shrewsbury*—C. Hulbert; *Southport*—W. Garside; *Stoke*—R. C. Tomkinson; *St. Helen's*—I. Sharp; *Stockport*—T. Claye; *Ulverston*—J. Soulby; *Wakefield*—Mrs. Hurst; *Warrington*—J. Harrison; J. and J. Haddock; *Welchpool*—R. Owen; *Wigan*—Mrs. Critchley; J. Brown; *Wolverhampton*-Mr. Simpson, Bookseller; *Wrexham*—J. Painter; *York*-W. Alexander & Son

No. 332.—Vol. VII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1826. PRICE 3½d.

Correspondence.

DISINTERMENT OF THE DEAD FOR SURGICAL PURPOSES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As I expected, the remarks I offered touching the disinterment of dead bodies for surgical purposes, have drawn forth an answer. But before I proceed to notice the remarks of *Pax*, permit me, Sir, to tender you my thanks for the very able editorial article you were pleased to submit to my notice. Your view of the subject so exactly coincides with my own, and your arguments are so conclusive, that, had my first letter produced no answer, I should have declined pushing the subject further.

I shall now, Sir, proceed to notice the very gentlemanly letter of your correspondent *Pax*. Passing over all he says, touching my gallantry, knight errantry, &c. I shall strictly confine myself to an examination of his arguments, which are the three following:—

Firstly,—*Pax* contends that the robbery of a churchyard is as dishonest as picking a pocket, or feloniously entering a house; and that, forsooth, because it is not within the strict bounds of morality it ought to cease. Indeed! as well might *Pax* say, that, because a thunder storm is productive of much damage, the Almighty ought not to permit it to rage. But the thunder storm is productive of more good than evil; and so is the robbery of the churchyard. The question is not whether the profession of the resurrectionist is a moral one, but whether it is productive of more good than evil; and I contend for the good it produces. It has always been a constant maxim, "of two evils choose the least:" and I appeal to *Pax*, whether the destruction of the science of anatomy would not be a greater evil than is the infringement of morality by the anatomist.

Secondly,—*Pax* says, that, for the body to become a prey to the worm and corruption, it is natural. Why? Because custom has made it so. With the Egyptians it was natural to embalm the dead. With the Romans it was natural to burn the dead; as it is, in fact, with the Hindoos in the present day. With some of the South Sea islanders it is natural to expose the dead on high mountains, that they may be devoured by birds or beasts of prey. Now, which of these methods of disposing of the dead is natural? All; because custom made them so: and custom can, and perchance will, make dissection natural. This argument of my friend *Pax* is worthless.

Thirdly,—The practice of robbing the churchyard is hurtful to the feelings of fathers, lovers, brothers, &c. Granted. But I contend that these feelings ought to give way to the superior claims of society. If on the one hand there is pain and disease, and on the other there is tender feelings, which have the greater claim? Every person in his senses will say the former, for they are real calamities; whilst the others exist only in idea. "If *Pax* be a genuine philanthropist, he will not hesitate to subscribe to this."

Having now answered the arguments of *Pax*, I shall beg leave to make a few further remarks:—The sole object I contend for is, that so long as the present laws respecting the disinterment of the dead continue in force, so long *must* and *ought* the practice of robbing churchyards to continue. While it is a fact, that, without dissection, the surgeon cannot obtain a knowledge of his profession, and while the ignorance of the surgeon must be productive of the most disastrous results, it must, of necessity, be certain that subjects ought to be procured; and as I have before observed, subjects cannot be procured except by the depopulation of the churchyard.

Your correspondent *Pax*, in espousing the popular side of the question, has doubtless the advantage, inasmuch as the sympathies of your readers will be on his side, while, on the contrary, they will be too apt to shudder at my cool justification of the resurrectionist. Yet, if they will divest themselves of prejudice, and cooly examine the subject, they must, they will subscribe to my opinion.

With respect to the means of superseding the resurrectionist, you are well aware that so long as the present laws continue in force, so long will every means be vain and futile. If the laws were repealed, then your suggestions, and the suggestions of your correspondent *Pax*, might be serviceable; but until they are repealed, the present system must continue. But before I conclude, permit me to notice the closing remarks of *Pax*. "He suggests, in addition to persons dying in hospitals, workhouses, &c. being dissected." What! does the tender-hearted *Pax* suppose that those who die in hospitals, workhouses, &c. have no "husbands, fathers, mothers, brothers, or sisters, whose correct feelings would be horrified at the idea of dissection." Does, then, this *tender* mortal suppose that the poor have no "correct feelings" as well as the rich, or that they would not be "horrified" at the idea of their relatives being dissected? Strange advocate for morality! But this I suppose is *Pax's* "genuine philanthropy." In the name of all that is "correct" let him enjoy it.

Yours, &c. EDGAR.

Manchester, Nov. 1, 1826.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The recent discovery of the extensive and nefarious system of dealing in dead bodies, which has for some time past been practised with impunity in Liverpool, induces me to lay before you an account of the plan successfully practised in Scotland, to keep these spoilers from the churchyards. Some years ago, when similar depredations were nightly committed in Edinburgh and Glasgow, the public attention was turned towards the subject, and various inventions were tried, but all of them proved more or less deficient, till at last it was found that the only sure protection was in placing a *guard*,—not of old soldiers, who may be bribed; nor of one or two individuals, who may, and have been, overpowered by the surgeons and their assistants; but of six or seven tradesmen, housekeepers, &c. who watch, in the principal churchyards, every night during the winter. Their service is voluntary and gratuitous. Advantage was taken of a moment of public excitement (like the present) to make the proposal; and thousands came forward to enrol their names, which were arranged according to the streets and districts where each individual resided. A constable goes round to the different houses, to apprize each individual of his turn to watch, (which does not occur above once in eight or nine months,) and no person refuses to go. If he cannot conveniently attend, he procures a substitute among his friends, or his next neighbour, offering to serve in return, when required. The guard is sanctioned by the magistrates, and, I believe, provided with fire-arms by them. The most respectable person among them is generally appointed Captain, who allows the men something to drink for the honour, and two at a time, with a lantern, walk round the burying-ground, while the rest remain in the guard-house, which is also in the churchyard. A donation-box, with an inscription, is fixed at the gate, and every funeral generally contributes a trifle; rich families sometimes subscribe handsomely. The money so collected defrays the expense of fire and candle, and if any thing remains, a moderate allowance of whiskey is dealt out, in the interval, to the men. The surgeons have thus been driven to seek their "subjects" elsewhere; and it is hoped the inhabitants of Liverpool and Manchester will not suffer the repositories of their dead any longer to be disturbed. If such a plan as the above be deemed practicable in Liverpool, I know of no person better able to make the proposal than the public-spirited editor of the *Kaleidoscope*.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A TRADESMAN.

P.S.—A feeling of prejudice having been excited against the Scotch, in consequence of this shameful transaction, I beg leave to state, that the *students* for whose benefit these "subjects" were intended, are most of them English and Irish; and that none will join more sincerely in reprobating this practice than the natives of Scotland.

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."

MONTAIGNE.

THE EAGLE AND CHILD.

[*From Blackwood's Magazine.*]

Some people have a trick of describing incidents as having happened within their own observation, when, in fact, they were at the time lying asleep in bed, and disturbing the whole house with the snore of their dormitory. Such is too often the character of the eye-witnesses of the present age. Now, I would not claim personal acquaintance with an incident I had not seen; no, not for fifty guineas per sheet; and, therefore, I warn the reader not to believe the following little story about an eagle and child (by the way it is the Derby crest, and a favourite sign of inns in the north of England) on the alleged

authority of the writer of this article. "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me," by the schoolmaster of the parish, and if the incident never occurred, then must he have been one of the greatest and most gratuitous of liars that ever taught the young idea how to shoot.

Almost all the people in the parish were leading in their meadow-hay (there were not in all its ten miles square twenty acres of rye-grass) on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind,—and huge heaped up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward which was beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions towards the snug farm-yards. Never had the parish seemed before so populous. Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song. But the Treegnomens threw the shadow of "one o'clock" on the green dial face of the earth; the horses were unyoked, and took instantly to grazing; groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children collected under grove, and bush, and hedge-row; graces were pronounced, some of them rather too tedious in presence of the mantling milk cans, bullion-bars of butter, and crackling cakes; and the Great Being who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his eternal throne, well pleased with the piety of his thankful creatures.

The great Golden Eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and flew away with something in his talons. One single sudden female shriek, and then shouts and outcries as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a sacrament! "Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud fast-spreading cry. "The eagle's ta'en aff Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were, in another instant, hurrying towards the mountain. Two miles of hill, and dale, and copse, and shingle, and many intersecting brooks lay between; but in an incredibly short time the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The eyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rockledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Steuart the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing of hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running backwards and forwards like so many ants essaying their new wings in discomfiture. "What's the use—what's the use o' ony puir human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down; fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies, as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear.

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody had noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eye-sight. "Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized in the name o' the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death—fearless as a goat playing among the precipices. No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, climbed the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated staircases, deep as draw wells or coal-pits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds, at midnight? It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion, who sees her baby, whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death, bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den, and fiercer and more furious far, in the passion of love, than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance before the eye of the all-seeing God!

No stop; no stay; she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear, then, but once crossed her heart, as up—up—up—to the little image made of her own flesh and blood. "The God who holds me now from perishing, will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?" Down came the fierce rushing of the eagles' wings, each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once they quailed, and they cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an old ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract, and the Christian mother falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—dead—dead—dead—no doubt—but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay in a nook of the harvest-field. Oh! what pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint feeble cry,—"It lives—it lives—it lives!" and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the fount of life and love! "O thou great and thou dreadful God! whither hast thou brought me—one of the most sinful of thy creatures? Oh! save my soul, lest it perish, even for thy own name's sake! Oh Thou, who diedst to save sinners, have mercy upon me!" Cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees, far, far down, and dwindled into specks, a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary, or running to and fro. Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath?—and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die—and when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings, will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect it no more.

Where, all this while, was Mark Steuart, the sailor? Half way up the cliffs: but his eye had got dim, and his head dizzy, and his heart sick; and he who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights. "And who will take care of my poor bed-ridden mother," thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered "God." She looked round, expecting to see an angel; but nothing moved except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye, by some secret sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object, watched its fall; and it seemed to stop, not far off, on a small platform. Her child was bound within her bosom; she remembered not how, nor when; but it was safe; and, scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron she swung herself down by briar, and broom, and heather, and dwarf-birch. There a loosened stone leapt over a ledge, and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There the shingle rattled down the trees, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them; but she felt no pain. Her body was as callous as the cliff. Steep as the wall of a house was now the side of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy centuries old, long ago dead, and without a single green leaf, but with thousands of arm-thick stems petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellice. She bound her baby to her neck, and with hands and feet clung to that fearful ladder. Turning round her head, and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish (so great was the multitude) on their knees! and, hush! the voice of psalms! a hymn breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain, but nothing dirge-like; breathing not of death but of deliverance. Often had she sung that tune (perhaps the very words, but them she heard not) in her own hut, she and her mother, or in the kirk, along with all the congregation. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy; and, in sudden inspiration, believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth; the psalm was hushed; but a tremulous sobbing voice was close beside her, and, lo! a she goat, with two little kids at her feet. "Wild heights," thought she, "do these creatures climb; but the dam will lead down her kid by the easiest paths,—for oh! even in the brute creatures, what is the holy power of a mother's love!" and turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and, for the first time, she wept.

Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never touched before by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamt of scaling it, and the Golden Eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain-side, though scarred, and seamed, and chasmed, was yet accessible—and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Gleid's Cliff. Many were now attempting it—and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, through dangers that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared and then the head of another, and she knew that God had delivered her and her child in safety, into the care of their fellow-creatures.—Not a word was spoken—eyes said enough—she hushed her friends with her hands—and with uplifted eyes pointed to the guides sent to her by Heaven. Small green plats, where those creatures nibble the wild flowers, became now more frequent; trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brushwood dwindled away into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs; sublime was the shout that echoed afar the moment she reached the eyrie; then had succeeded a silence deep as death; in a little while arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication; the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway; and now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood. And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor humble creature, unknown to many even by name—one who had but few friends, nor wished for more—contented to work all day, here, there, any where, that she might be able to support her aged mother and little child—and who, on Sabbath, took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the kirk!

"Fall back, and give her fresh air," said the old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened round her lying as in death. "Gie me the bonny bit bairn into my arms," cried first one mother and then another, and it was tenderly handed round the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears. "There's no a single scratch about the puir innocent, for the eagle you see maun hae stuck its talons into the lang claes and the shawl. Blin', blin' maun they be who see not the finger o' God in this thing!"

Hannah started up from her swoon, and looking wildly around, cried, "Oh! the bird, the bird!—the eagle, the eagle!—the eagle has carried off my bonny wee Walter—is there nane to pursue!" A neighbour put her babe into her breast, and shutting her eyes, and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said, in a low voice, "Am I wauken—oh! tell me if I'm wauken, or if a' this be the wark o' a fever, and the delirium o' a dream?"

Hannah Lamond was not yet twenty years old; and although she was a mother—and you may guess what a mother—yet, frown not, fair and gentle reader; frown not, pure and stainless as thou art; to her belonged not the sacred name of wife—and that baby was the child of sin and shame—yes, "the child of misery, baptized in tears!" She had loved, trusted, been betrayed, and deserted. In sorrow and solitude, uncomforted and despised, she bore her burden. Dismal had been the hour of travail—and she feared her mother's heart would have broken, even when her own was cleft in twain. But how healing is forgiveness—alike to the wounds of the forgiven and the forgiving! And then Hannah knew that although guilty before God, her guilt was not such as her fellow-creatures deemed it; for, oh! there were dreadful secrets which should never pass her lips against the father of her child! so she bowed down her young head, and soiled it with the ashes of repentance, walking with her eyes on the ground as she again entered the kirk; yet not fearing to lift them up to Heaven during the prayer. Her sadness inspired a general pity; she was excluded from no house she had heart to visit; no coarse comment, no ribald jest accompanied the notice people took of her baby; no licentious rustic presumed on her frailty, for the pale, melancholy face of the nursing mother, weeping as she sung the lullaby, forbade all such approach, and an universal sentiment of indignation drove from the parish the heartless and unprincipled seducer, (if all had been known, too weak a word for his crime,) who left thus to pine in sorrow, one who, till her unhappy fall, had been held up by every mother as an example to her daughters, of sense and modesty, and the meek unpretending piety of a Christian faith!

Never, never once had she striven to cease to love her betrayer; but she had striven, and an appeased conscience had enabled her to do so, to think not of him now that he had deserted her for ever. Sometimes his image, as well in love as in wrath, passed before the eye of her heart, but she closed it in tears of blood, and the phantom disappeared. Thus all the love towards him that slept, but was not dead, arose in yearnings of still more exceeding love towards his child. Round its head was gathered all hope of comfort, of peace, of reward of her repentance. One of its smiles was enough to brighten up the darkness of the future. On her breast, on her knee, in its cradle, she regarded it with a perpetual prayer. And this feeling it was, with all the overwhelming tenderness of affection, all the invigorating power of passion, that, under the hand of God, bore her up and down that fearful mountain's

brow, and after the hour of rescue and deliverance, stretched her on the green sward like a corpse.

The rumour of the miracle soon circled the mountain's base, and a strange story without names was told to the wood-ranger of the Cairn Forest, by a way-faring man. Anxious to know what truth there was in it, he crossed the hill, and making his way through the sullen crowd, went up to the eminence, and beheld, just recovering from her final swoon, her whom he had so wickedly ruined, and so basely deserted. Hisses, and groans, and hootings, and fierce eyes, and clenched hands, assailed and threatened him on every side.

His heart died within him; not in fear, but in remorse. What a worm he felt himself to be, and fain would he have been to become a worm, that, to escape all that united scorn, he might have wriggled away in slime into some hole of the earth! But the meek eye of Hannah met his in perfect forgiveness—a tear of pity—a faint smile of love. All his better nature rose within him, all his worse nature was quelled. "Yes, good people, you do right to cover me with your scorn. But what is your scorn to the wrath of God? The evil one has often been with me in the woods; the same voice that once whispered me to murder her. But here I am—not to offer retribution, for that may not, will not, must not be; guilt must not mate with innocence. I deserve death, and I am willing here, on this spot, to deliver myself into the hands of justice. Allan Calder, I call on you to seize your prisoner."

The moral sense of the people, when instructed by knowledge and enlightened by religion, what else is it but the voice of God? Their anger subsided at once into a serene satisfaction, and that soon softened in sight of her who alone aggrieved, alone felt nothing but tenderest forgiveness, into a confused compassion for the man who, bold and bad as he had been, had undergone many solitary torments, and nearly fallen, in his uncompanioned misery, into the power of the Prince of darkness. The old clergyman, whom all reverenced, put the contrite man's hand in hers, whom he swore to love and cherish all his days; and ere summer was over, Hannah was the mistress of a family, in a house not much inferior to a Manse. Her mother, now that not only her daughter's reputation was freed from stain, but her innocence also proved, renewed her youth. And although the worthy schoolmaster, who told me the tale so much better than I have been able to repeat it, confessed that the wood-ranger never became altogether a saint, nor acquired the edifying habit of pulling down the corners of his mouth, and turning up the whites of his eyes, yet he assured me, that he never afterwards heard any thing very seriously to his prejudice, that he became in due time an elder of the kirk, gave his children a religious education, erring only in making rather too much of a pet of his eldest born, whom, even when grown up to manhood, he never called by any other name than the Eaglet.

The Kaleidoscope.

The following article is transferred from the *Mercury*, by particular desire of a Manchester correspondent, who expresses his conviction of the utility of the plan recommended, and is anxious that every reader of the *Kaleidoscope*, who may not have access to our other publication, may have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with an improvement of such obvious utility.—*Edit. Kal.*

CONSTRUCTION OF CHIMNEYS WHICH CANNOT BE INJURED OR OVERTURNED BY THE WIND.—In the thirteenth volume of the *Mercury*, we took some pains to direct the public attention to a subject which a recent catastrophe had rendered peculiarly interesting at that period.* We allude to the defective state, or original faulty construction of the chimneys in this town. We endeavoured to prove that these unseemly and dangerous piles of brick are generally placed so injudiciously that it is necessary to build them up twice or three times higher than would be requisite if they were properly situated.

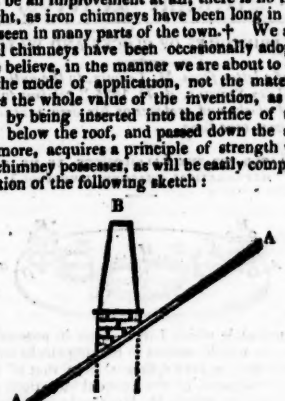
We have since had the satisfaction to witness the good effects of the hints which were contained in the *Mercury* at the period to which we have adverted; but we have never yet redeemed the pledge we then gave to point out how chimneys might be constructed much lighter than they now are, and, at the same time, so strong as to bid defiance to the most violent hurricane. That this is a great desideratum will be readily admitted by all our readers, and by those especially who bear in their recollection the numerous fatal accidents which have been occasioned by the falling of chimneys during stormy weather.

Such is the influence of habit, the force of prejudice, and the selfishness of those whose interests might suffer by the innovation we are about to recommend, that we are not very sanguine about its adoption, except with a few, who are in the habit of thinking and deciding for themselves. This consideration shall not, however, prevent us from endeavouring, at least, to show that an improvement in the construction of our chimneys is practicable, which would entirely dissipate those terrors to which our townsmen are liable during the prevalence of those high winds to which our proximity to the sea particularly exposes us.

The plan we are about to submit to the consideration of our readers should have been made public sooner, but for a circumstance to which we shall briefly advert, in order to account for our tardiness in redeeming our pledge on the subject.

In the winter of 1822, when we were about to bring forward our models of an improved chimney, we learned that one of our townsmen was engaged in pursuit of the same object; and, after some conversation we found, that, although the two methods were similar in principle, his plan was, in one point, preferable to ours; and, as we had ascertained this by means of a confidential communication, we did not feel at liberty to adopt the suggestion of an individual who might, perhaps, wish to secure the thought by a patent. Having no such view ourselves, we have waited until motives of delicacy no longer impose silence upon us. We shall now, therefore, proceed to describe our plan, availing ourselves of the improvement to which we have adverted.

When we apprize our readers that it is an iron chimney that we are about to recommend, we may, perhaps, be told, that, if it be an improvement at all, there is no novelty in the thought, as iron chimneys have been long in use, and are to be seen in many parts of the town.† We are aware that metal chimneys have been occasionally adopted, but never, we believe, in the manner we are about to describe; and it is the mode of application, not the material, that constitutes the whole value of the invention, as the iron chimney, by being inserted into the orifice of the brick chimney, below the roof, and passed down the apperture a foot or more, acquires a principle of strength which no ordinary chimney possesses, as will be easily comprehended by inspection of the following sketch:



A A represents the sloping roof, or half gable end, of a house. Instead of constructing the whole chimney of brick, as at present, the brick-work is carried above the roof only a few courses, to bring it square, as exhibited in the sketch. B, from its summit to where the dotted lines terminate, is a chimney of cast iron, of any requisite length. The brick-work of the chimney, as we have already observed, is carried above the roof only a few courses of bricks, for the purpose of leaving a square base for the insertion of the iron flue, the lower part of which (represented by the dotted lines) is fitted tight into the orifice of the brick-work, into which it descends one foot, two feet, or more, according to circumstances, and it is prevented from descending further by a shoulder. It must be obvious that such a chimney, all of one piece, and thus descending below the roof, into the brick-work, cannot be overturned without tearing up the brick-work of that part of the chimney into which the iron flue passes; and, even if it were possible to overthrow it, its fall upon the roof would be attended with little risk, owing to its being all of a piece.

We shall now proceed to offer a few remarks upon the shape of the chimney we are recommending. In the rough sketch annexed it is represented as square and tapering. Being made of cast iron, it may as readily be made round and tapering; and this we should prefer, because, independent of the strength which this kind of chimney derives from its being inserted into the brick-work, and being all in one piece, the cylindrical form would render it still more secure, as it would oppose considerably less resistance to the wind than a square pile. The wind, in striking against such a cylinder, laps, as it were, round it, and thus does not exert the same force it would oppose to a flat surface of the same diameter. We shall illustrate this fact by a very simple experiment, which was communicated to us by the late Lord Stanhope, during an interview we once had with that ingenious and scientific Nobleman. This experiment, which we do not recollect ever seeing described in any philosophical work, may be repeated by any of our readers; and it has often occurred to us that it accounts for those sudden gusts of wind, which we have known to descend with such impetuosity and force down the sides of the mountains skirting the lakes of England and Scotland, and which are so apt to upset boats, as there is no time to take in sail, or let go the sheet. The experiment requires only a common glass tumbler and a candle. The latter being placed behind the former, as near its surface as possible, may be extinguished by a smart puff of the breath upon the front surface, nearest the person who holds the glass. If, instead of the breath, a pair of capacious bellows were used, we are of opinion that a candle might be thus extinguished if placed behind a polished or smooth pillar of considerable dimensions.

This experiment is, in our opinion, demonstrative of the fact, that a cylinder opposes less resistance to the wind than a body of any other form, and of similar diameter; and, therefore, we recommend that form for the iron chimney.

Independent of the other advantages of such chimneys, they are much lighter than those made of brick. A rude experiment we made some time ago, warrants our asserting, that an iron chimney, of equal external superficies, and built in the common square form, would not weigh more than half as much as the brick pile; and if it were made as we recommend, tapering upwards, it would probably not equal in weight one-third of the common brick chimney.

An ordinary dry brick weighs about seven pounds, and when saturated with water, about eight pounds, and the weight of the mortar must be added in calculating the weight of the whole chimney. A piece of cast metal, about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and of the length and breadth of a brick, viz. nine inches by four and a half, does not exceed three pounds in weight; from which we conclude, that if a chimney of a taper form were made of cast iron, run finer into the mould at the top than at the bottom, such a chimney would not be found to be one-third of the weight of an ordinary brick chimney of similar elevation.

Where the chimney is not required to be carried up to a considerable height, we are of opinion that plate iron or tin would answer very well, although it would certainly require frequent renewing, unless preserved from the effects of the atmosphere by paint or varnish.

Whilst we are upon the subject, we take the opportunity to state, upon most reputable authority, that all chimneys, however constructed, may be swept by machines; there is no necessity, therefore, for a boy to be employed to go into the flues. The process is stated to be attended with somewhat more trouble to the masters than they experience when they use living agents for the purpose; and this circumstance may account for the reluctance on the part of the former to abandon a practice which is productive of so much misery and disease to the wretched children subjected to their control.

* See *Liverpool Mercury*, vol. xiii, pages 181, 193, 200, 203, 208.

† The iron chimneys here alluded to are inserted into the common brick chimney, to render it more lofty; but as they are not passed into the flue *below* the roof, as we recommended, they, by their length only, render the chimney into which they are inserted more insecure than it was before.

A writer in a recent number of a London newspaper suggests the introduction of iron chimneys, as preferable to the present clumsy structures of brick. "They might be cast in any elegant form, and adorn, instead of disfigure, our dwellings. By being in portions of convenient length, they might be easily removed and cleansed, and an effectual security be obtained both against fire originating in them and communicating to the dwelling-house, and against those dreadful accidents caused by the fall of those huge masses which now encumber all extensive houses."

Poetry.

LINES.

"Gay lark of hope! thy silent song resume,
Fair, smiling lights the purpled hills illume;
Soft gales and dews of life's delicious morn,
And thou, lost fragrance of the heart, return."
Wordsworth.

Fond invocation of poetic brain,
Sweet supplication, beautiful as vain;
Alas! the fragrance of the heart, when o'er,
Like the shrunk flower, sweetness yields no more;
Or sheds at best a sickly, faint perfume,
Like the pale rosemary, offering of the tomb:
But, oh! unlike the flower, the heart lives on
When all its store of happiness is gone:
Lives a lone ruin on a desert shore,
Where the winds echo the loud billows' roar;
Lives a lone exile on an isle remote,
Or like a skiff on stormy seas afloat;
Till pitying, at length, its hapless state,
Chills its life-stream the friendly hand of fate.

Gay lark of hope! in vain would'st thou resume
Thy song, exulting—silent is the tomb;
And thy lov'd strains of ecstacy, when o'er,
Cheer the sick heart with melody no more;
Gales, dews, and smiling lights of life's young morn,
At distance, and for ever, are ye borne;
And noxious vapours, and the hues of death,
Sadly usurp, alas! your place of birth:
But as it ever was, it aye must be,
And lengthened life is lengthened misery:
And, as when day declines, far, and more far,
Shadows extend themselves, so passions war;
And fearful is the strife of coming years,
Darkened with agony, remorse, and tears:
And thus the stream of time is urged along,
While still around its treacherous windings throng
A wizard train, in hideous array,
Blighting each flower that blossoms on the way;
And then the heart sighs for its last retreat,
And life is most abhorred, and death is sweet;
And the soul weary of its cramped abode
Pants for release, and prays to be with God.
Oh! rapturous hour, that sets the prisoner free,
And rends the fetters of mortality!
Go, mourner! sigh not o'er the captive fled,
Thyself bewail; but weep not for the dead!

Liverpool. G.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

Friendship, blest offspring from on high!
Emblem of joys that never die!
The nectar drop thus kindly given,
A foretaste of the bliss of heaven;
Sweet soother of all human care,
In what divine abode, or where
Shall I thy happy dwelling find?
'Tis known to few, though sought by all mankind:
Say, may I seek thee in the golden tide,
Whereon the rich man's bark, in pompous pride,
Spreads her gilt sails? where all around
Unreal homage pay. Or art thou found
In penury's remote secluded cell?
Or dost on thrones with princes dwell?
Perhaps in busy active life,
Close link'd with envy, war, and strife?
With men of self-devoted zeal,
Whose interest but self can feel?
Are these thy temples, holy maid?
Are these the pillows of thy beauteous head?
Ah, no, bright goddess! thy abode is found
On Sympathy's fair, holy ground;
Where hearts with mutual ardour burn,
Nor from the dimm'd eye of sorrow turn;
'Tis there the sinking soul shall prove
The aid of Friendship's holy love.
There was a time when thy mild star
Shone sweetly o'er me, when, from far,
The blackening storm came round my brow,
As the dire tempest round some fated prow;
My hopes were gone, nought gleamed around
To cheer my path: a dark profound
Of horror heap'd on horror lay before;
But now, again, shall peace restore
Her balmy empire o'er my mind,
For in the world I yet shall find
That all are not unjust, unkind:
Again the beams of hope appear,
Again I dry the silent tear.
This brightning prospect I behold in you,
My faithful friend, firm, generous as true;
With such a treasure, come what will,
Content and happy, and unshaken still,
I'll meet the storms that hover round,
In deepening shadows through the dark profound
Of time to come, till all shall cease,
And the soul dwells in endless peace.

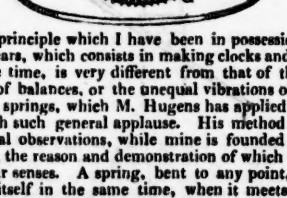
Liverpool. E. G.

Scientific Records.

THE PRINCIPLES OF CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

Extract of a letter from M. Leibniz, to the author of "Le Journal des Sçavans, A. D. 1675," relative to the principles of clocks and watches of his own invention, that should keep true time.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE KALEIDOSCOPE, BY MR. MARRAT, MATHENATICAL TEACHER, LIVERPOOL.]



"The principle which I have been in possession of for several years, which consists in making clocks and watches keep true time, is very different from that of the equal duration of balances, or the unequal vibrations of pendulums, or springs, which M. Hugens has applied to time-pieces with such general applause. His method depends on physical observations, while mine is founded on pure reflection, the reason and demonstration of which is manifest to our senses. A spring, bent to any point, always unbends itself in the same time, when it meets with no obstruction; hence I infer that we may employ two springs, one of which may be set a going, while the first motion of the clock unbends the other. It is, therefore, of no consequence whether the unbending be quicker or slower, provided that one is always bent by the time the other is unbent, and consequently that one may release the other before the end of its motion; the going of the machine will then be uniform, and a tooth will be let pass at each return, or at each period of the two springs, and the wheel will be driven by the ordinary motion, and will count seconds, or any other periods of time, and in this manner we obtain a machine that will move uniformly.

"Let *A B* be the plate of a clock, *C M*, two-toothed barrels, in which the small spires or springs are contained. The teeth of the barrels work in those of the pinions *D D*, which carry the balances *E E*, while the other teeth of the said barrels work in those of the interrupted or imperfect wheel *F G*. Imagine, now, that this wheel *F G*, moves in the direction *H F*, by the first motion of the clock, which, by turning the barrel *C*, bends the spring which it contains, and that it stops with the barrel as soon as it has bent the spring. The stop being easy to conceive, is not inserted, because it would only serve to confuse the figure. Now, while one teethed part of the wheel *F G*, namely, *F*, turns the barrel *C*, the vacant part which is opposite, namely, *G*, answers to the other barrel *M*, and gives liberty to the spring which it contains to unbend itself; thus, while the motion of the clock bends the small spring in the barrel *C*, the other spring in the barrel *M*, unbends itself in the same time, except that the spring in *C* may be bent in a little less time than the spring in *M* takes to unbend, so that the spring C, being bent, and the wheel *F G*, stopt, both will remain in this situation till the spring in *M*, at the end of its motion, touches a trigger, which sets it at liberty. The spring *C* now unbends, and the teeth of the wheel, *F G*, continue to move in the same direction as before *C* was set at liberty; for their is nothing to hinder it, because the barrel *C* now meets the vacant part *H* of the said wheel; but before it has finished unbending, the teeth part *L*, opposite to the vacant part *H*, turning the barrel *M*, bends its spring, which, having done, it stops with it till the spring *C*, having finished unbending, sets it at liberty by a reciprocal favour, and renders to the spring *M* the same service which *it* had received under like circumstances.

"It is now obvious that the same alternate powers always remain, and the periods, from the moment that one spring begins to unbend, to the moment when it is again bent, will always be of equal duration, although the small springs may not happen to be of equal strength. It is obvious, also, that the balance of such a clock, or watch, is double; that each can be loaded more or less; that we can regulate the motion by moving equal weights along the two arms, one of which counterbalances the other. The whole can be connected with the fusee, by a cord or chain.

"It is easy to perceive that watches, thus made, might be small enough, and that they would make no more noise than common watches, and that they would go while winding up. The motions of the wheels of clocks, or watches, may be altered by many accidents, as the unequal action of the great spring, or first mover, the friction of the wheels and axles, the inequality of the teeth, &c.: but, according to the above construction, the little springs will not be affected, provided the motion of the wheels be always greater than what is requisite to bend them; and this power we have always the means to supply. In this manner the principles of uniform motion is obtained to a geometrical demonstration; is quite rigorous; and it is, besides, evident to the meanest capacity.

"All intelligent persons admit that such a watch may be made to serve for common purposes; but that, with respect to finding the *longitudes*, it would be found imperfect. The shocks, they say, would make the springs, as well as the other parts, tremble; rust would corrode, and humidity injure the works; that the change of climate would affect the springs, and the different densities of the air would affect the motion of the balance; that the springs, in time, would become weaker; and that friction, being a variable quantity, would cause the watch to move quicker or slower. To which I answer, that my plan will surmount all the defects arising from the imperfections of matter in general, without my entering into particular details. It will be sufficient to make use of massy springs, and especially as there is room, and these springs may be so strong, and their restitution so sudden, that if their number be augmented, all the above mentioned effects would bear no considerable proportion to this force, and their repetition would only become sensible after a very long time. It is easy to demonstrate that in augmenting the size of the machine, and the force of the springs, we could render the error as small as we please, provided that we are content with the requisite exactness necessary to determine the *longitudes*. This reasoning is so clear, and so general, that every one who considers it, must remain satisfied."

AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

(From the Dumfries Courier.)

By the kindness of a friend we are enabled to lay before our readers the copy of a letter addressed by the well-known Captain Clapperton, to one of his connexions in this quarter. It is dated from Hio or Eyo, the capital of Youriba, 22d February, 1826, and is highly interesting on many accounts:

"No doubt you, and all my other kind friends in our dear native land, would be much alarmed for my safety,

when the sad news of the deaths of the rest of my party reached you, as bad news always travel fastest. I certainly was very ill when poor Pearce died, but the circumstance of having to act as my own doctor, and the powerful medicine I took, I believe saved me; not forgetting the Divine Power, which ever, when a man is plunged in deep distress, gives him new courage to exert himself, and bear up against all misfortunes. You may, in some measure, guess my feelings, when so many deaths occurred so rapidly, in so small a party. It is impossible for me to express them. I may tell you how I acted when poor Pearce died, whose death affected me most. After closing his eyes, I sat before the corpse with my head between my knees, for nearly an hour, without saying a word. I then ordered a light, and a watch to be kept over the body, and crawled to the place where I had to pass the night, and next day saw him buried, and read the Church of England service over him. This was the most trying duty of all. It is little to see a man die, but to see the earth thrown on one whom ye knew, loved, and revered, when living,—the last, and best, and kindest, of your companions; that is indeed a burden. You may think it strange that I, a Presbyterian, should have read the service over the dead, but it is a good thing for the living. All my servants attended, as also the most respectable of the town's-people through Poyens. I have been well used here; and depart in two days for Youri, where poor Park was killed. I will get all his papers, if not sent home by Bello, and hear every circumstance connected with his death. I have made important discoveries here, as every foot is new ground. I have passed over a range of hills which were not known to exist before; and traversed one of the most extensive kingdoms in Africa, the very name of which was unknown to Europeans. In the capital of this kingdom I have remained upwards of two months. The celebrated Niger is only two days' journey to the eastward of me; its course to the sea in the Bight of Benin can be no longer doubtful. I would say much more in this letter, but copies of my journals, with all my observations, have to be sent home. I trust you will write by the way of Tripoli, as the western route is doubtful.—Believe me, yours truly, HUGH CLAPPERTON."

LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

To Erskine Hazard, a citizen of the United States of North America, but now residing in Norfolk-street, Strand, engineer, for an invention, communicated from abroad, with additions, of a method for preparing explosive mixtures and employing them as a moving power for machinery.—Dated the 12th of August, 1826.—2 months allowed to enrol specification.

To John Riste, of Chard, lace-manufacturer, for improvements in machinery for making bobbin or twist net.—4th of October.—2 months.

To Thos. Robinson Williams, of Norfolk-street, Strand, for an improved method of manufacturing hats and caps with the assistance of machinery.—18th of September.—6 months.

To Francis Halliday, Esq. of Ham, Surry, for improvements on apparatus used in drawing boots on and off.—4th of October.—6 months.

To Theodore Jones, of Coleman-street, London, for an improvement on wheels for carriages.—11th of October.—6 months.

To William Mills, of Hazelhouse, Bisley, Gloucestershire, for an improvement in fire-arms.—18th of October.—6 months.

To William Church, of Birmingham, for improvements in printing.—18th of October.—6 months.

To Samuel Pratt, of New Bond-street, for improvements (partly communicated from abroad) on beds, bedsteads, couches, seats, and other articles of furniture.—18th of October.—6 months.

To William Busk, Esq. of Broad-street, London, for improvements in propelling boats and ships, or other vessels or floating bodies.—18th of October.—6 months.

To James Viney, gentleman, of Shanklen, in the Isle of Wight, colonel of artillery, and George Pocock, of Bristol, for improvements in the construction of cars or other carriages, and the application of a power hitherto unused for that purpose to draw the same, which power is also applicable to the drawing of ships and other vessels, and for raising weights, and for other useful purposes.—18th of October.—6 months.

A Genuine Lord Norbury's.—"I should like to be some eminent lawyer's wig," said young Fitzsimmons, "such, for instance, as your Lordship's—to notice the various workings of the brain, the embryo pleas, and demurrers, and quibbles." "My *wig*," interrupted Lord Norbury, "I dare say you would rather be my *heir*."

Fashions for November.

PROMENADE DRESS.—Wadded pelisse of *gros de Naples*, the colour of the blossoms of the pomegranate, made quite plain and to fit the shape, fastened down the front, and ornamented on each side with a row of leaves of an obovate shape; the ends point outwards; they are corded all round, and arranged one beneath the other, and are smaller at the waist, where they approximate, and over the bust, but enlarge as they descend, turn off circularly, and form a border to the skirt, which is terminated by a wadded hem. The sleeve is rather large at the shoulder, but afterwards decreases to nearly the size of the arm, and is finished with a cuff reaching over the hand, and ornamented with obovate leaves pointing upwards. Circular gauze cape, hemmed and edged with a narrow ruche of tulle. Hat of azure *gros de Naples*, trimmed profusely with blond artificial flowers and shaded ribbon; *les brides*, of shaded blue and gold-colour ribbon, reach below the waist. The hair is parted in front, and displays a narrow border of blond lace; three or four large curls on each side, with bows of blue and gold-colour shaded ribbon. Long coral ear-rings; gold chain and cross, and gold bracelets; yellow gloves and bronze shoes.

EVENING DRESS.—Dress of white *crêpe lisse* over a corn flower blue satin slip; the *corsage* made very full and high in front, with a straight cape, which is divided angularly on the shoulders, and ornamented with a blue satin rouleau. Short and full sleeves beneath the upper long ones, which are spacious to the wrist, where they are terminated with vandyke cuffs, and fastened with broad gold bracelets. The skirt is trimmed with three deep flounces of blond lace, set on very full, and tastefully drawn up in festoons, about half the depth of the lace, by a blue satin rouleau, arranged in a waving direction and confined by buttons placed at regular distances: these flounces are headed by a wreath of leaves *à l'antique*; the hem of the slip appears below the dress. Blue satin sash, *à la Français*, extending from the waist, where it meets in a point, to the shoulders diagonally; it ties in front in two short bows, the ends fringed and reaching half way down the skirt; bows ornament the shoulder. The head-dress is composed of bows of blue Italian crape, and three very large bows of hair on each side of the crape bow in front; plaited bands of hair are brought from the temples and intersect the bows. Pear-shaped gold ear-rings; gold chain twice round the neck, and an enamelled locket pendant in the centre; white kid gloves; white satin shoes.—*Ackermann's Repository.*

Miscellanies.

MELANCHOLY AND APPALLING EVENT.

A correspondent of the *Kaleidoscope*, who dates from Skibbereen, Ireland, October 29, has communicated the following mournful event, which, we believe, has not before been made public:—

"The wife of a peasant, residing in the neighbourhood of this town, left her home a few mornings since to visit her father, who resides at some distance from her cottage, on the opposite side of the river. As she did not return at the usual hour, her husband concluded that she purposed remaining all night at her father's, and gave the subject no further thought, but proceeded, in company with several other men, at a late hour, to draw the river for salmon. The night was clear moonlight. They arrived at the hole they purposed drawing: the net was cast: the hearts of the fishermen felt joyous as they drew the now weighty net towards the shore. They came to view the capture, and foremost was the husband of the woman above alluded to, when, to their utmost consternation, instead of a large haul of fish, the object presented to the view of the horrified peasant was the body of his wife, who had left her peaceful dwelling that morning never to return alive. Such is the uncertainty of human life.—It is conjectured, that in crossing a ford near to her cottage, the unfortunate woman lost her footing, and thus met a watery grave."

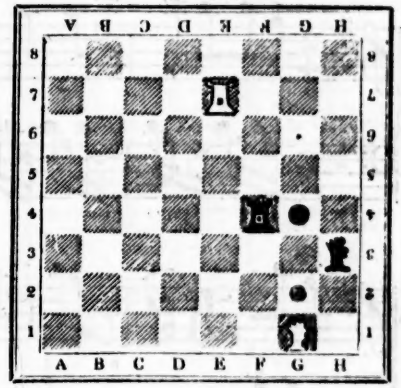
When the learned John Selden was a member of the famous assembly of Divines at Westminster, who were appointed to new model religion, he used to delight in puzzling them with curious quibbles. In one of these debates these venerable sages were very gravely employed in determining the distance between Jerusalem and Jericho: and one of the brethren, to prove that it could be but a short distance, observed, "that *fish* was carried from one place to the other." On which Mr. Selden said, "perhaps it was *salt* fish." This remark threw the determination again into uncertainty.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

[NO. CXV.]

Black.



WHITE.

The white has the move, and forces a stall mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reference to the draught position in yours of the 31st ult., I hope (since you invite us) it may not be considered bold or presumptuous to say that the following is the *shortest possible* mode by which the game can be brought to a final conclusion:—

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B 6 to C 5	1. A 7 to B 8
2. D 4 — E 5	2. B 8 — C 7
3. F 2 — G 3	3. C 7 — B 8
4. C 5 — D 6	4. H 2 — G 1
5. F 2 — G 3	5. B 8 — A 7
6. D 6 — C 7	6. A 7 — B 8
7. G 3 — F 4	

It is evident that a number of quibbling and unmeaning variations might be adduced from the above position, but the move B 6 to C 5, unquestionably the best, being made, A 7 to B 8 *necessarily* follows: this position gained, in *whatever* way the blacks attempt to prolong the game, the *seventh* move of the white men steps over, and, of course, takes one of the blacks, when the game must be considered finished.

The above position being well known to *all* superior draught players, the game is, so soon as it occurs, immediately struck in favour of the player who holds the three men. T. R.

St. Peter's Quay, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov. 3, 1826.

☞ We have also received solutions from *N. C.* and other friends, to whom we are much obliged.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer morning	Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
Oct.								
25	29 19	51	0	52½ 0	60	0	S.E.	Fair.
26	29 38	45	0	50½ 0	55	0	S.E.	Stormy.
27	29 45	45	0	51 0	57½	0	W.N.W.	Rain.
28	29 86	43	0	48½ 0	56	0	S.W.	Stormy.
29	29 85	48	0	52½ 0	56½	0	W.	Rain.
30	29 84	47½	0	53½ 0	58	0	S.W.	Rain.
31	29 87	46	0	52 0	55½	0	W.S.W.	Cloudy.

28th, Heavy gale during night.

31st, Severe gale during night; four, p.m. stormy.

REMARKS FOR OCTOBER.

Mean barometrical height, 29 inches 67 parts; mean temperature, extreme during night, 49 deg. 4 min.; 8, a.m. 53. 25.; noon, 57. 26.; extreme during day, 59. 16.; prevailing winds, westerly; the highest temperature during the month, 64.; lowest, 42. The past has been an unusually wet and tempestuous month, with great variation in temperature.

LILLA.

FROM WHEATSTONE'S ANNUAL SELECTION OF POPULAR DANCES.

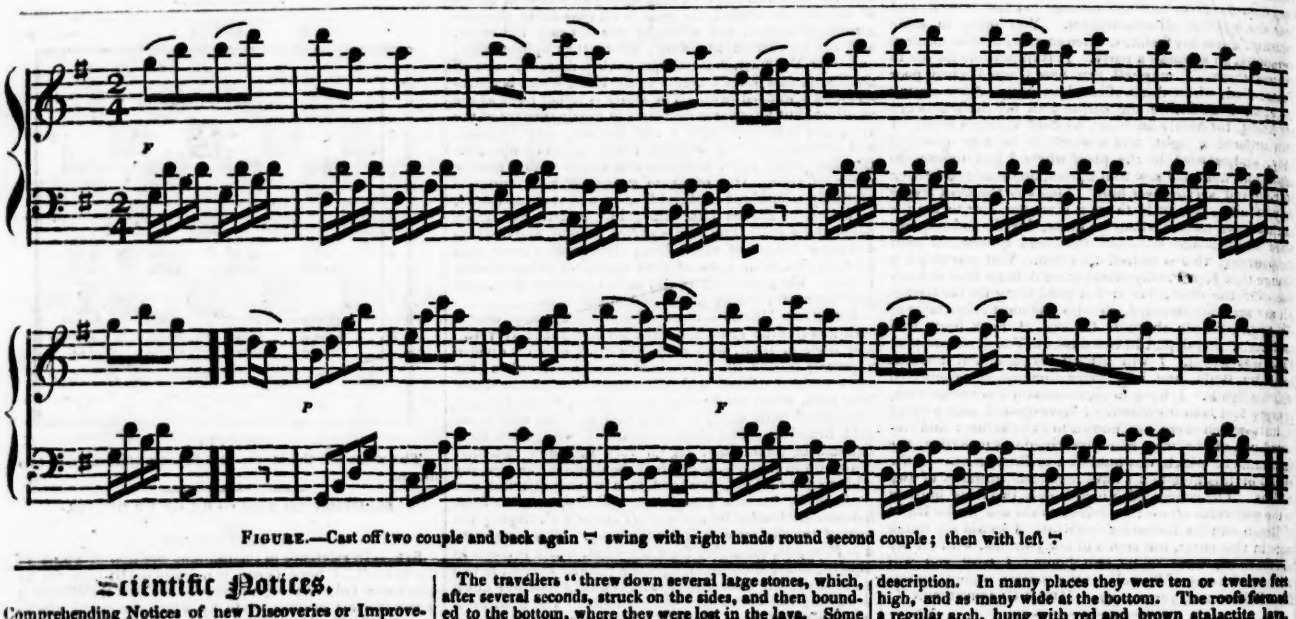


FIGURE.—Cast off two couple and back again: swing with right hands round second couple; then with left.

Scientific Notices.

Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological, and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History, Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; List of Patents.

VOLCANIC CHARACTER OF THE ISLAND OF HAWAII.

Notice of the volcanic Character of the Island of Hawaii, in a letter to the Editor, and of various facts connected with late observations of the Christian Missionaries in that country, abstracted from a Journal of a Tour around Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands.

(From the American Journal of Science and Art, for June, 1826.)
(Concluded from our last.)

The mythology of Hawaii is much interwoven with the phenomena of their volcanoes and earthquakes, and with the thunder and lightning by which they are accompanied. It is easy to trace in their absurd and extravagant fables respecting the contests of Pele, the goddess of volcanoes, with opposing powers, the physical conflict of fire and water, and of the various elemental agents; and certainly these fables are recommended to a poetical imagination by much that is splendid and grand.

Whenever the natives spoke of those gods of fire, it was as "dreadful beings." They reside in all the volcanoes, but chiefly in that of Kirauea. They never travelled on journies of mercy, but always on those of wrath. Earthquakes, thunder and lightning, announced their approach: sacrifices were made to appease their anger. Hundreds of hogs, both cooked and living, were thrown into the craters, when they threatened an eruption; and during an inundation, multitudes were thrown into the rolling torrent of lava, to stay its progress.

When these infernal gods were enraged, "they filled Kirauea with lava, and spouted it out; or taking a subterraneous passage, marched to some one of their houses (craters) in the neighbourhood, and thence came down upon the delinquents, with all their dreadful scourges."

On the 2d of August, the provisions of the party being exhausted, they prepared for an immediate return; but they endeavoured previously to ascertain in the best manner they could, the size of the crater. They estimated it at 5 miles, or 5¼ in circumference, but the more accurate measurement of Mr. Goodrich, mentioned in his letter, makes it 7½. The depth of the crater they estimate at 700 or 100 feet; but Mr. Goodrich fixes it at more than 1000.

The travellers "threw down several large stones, which, after several seconds, struck on the sides, and then bounded to the bottom, where they were lost in the lava. Some of them were as large as they could lift; yet, when they reached the bottom, they appeared like pebbles, and they were obliged to watch their course very steadily to perceive them at all.

The party separated into two divisions; one pursued the path along the edge of the crater towards the sea shore. The path was in many places dangerous, lying along narrow ridges, with fearful precipices on each side; or across deep chasms and hollows, that required the utmost care to avoid falling into them, and where a fall would have been certain death, as several of the chasms seemed narrowest at the surface. In one place they passed along for a considerable distance under a high precipice, where the impending rocks towered some hundred feet above them on their left, and the appalling flood of lava rolled almost beneath on the right. On this side they descended to small craters beneath on the declivity, and also to the black ledge; where they collected a number of beautiful specimens of lava, generally of a black or red colour, light, cellular, brittle, and shining. They also found a quantity of volcanic glass, drawn out into filaments as fine as human hair, and called by the natives *rouoho o Pele*, (hair of Pele.) It was of a dark olive colour, semi-transparent, and brittle, though some of the filaments were several inches long. Probably it was produced by the bursting of igneous masses of lava, thrown out from the craters, or separated in fine spun threads from the boiling fluid, when in a state of perfect fusion, borne by the smoke above the edges of the crater, and thence wafted by the winds over the adjacent plain, for they also found quantities of it at least seven miles distant from the crater. They "entered several small craters, that had been in vigorous action but a short period before, marks of very recent fusion presenting themselves on every side. Their size and height were various, and many which, from the top, had appeared insignificant as mole-hills, they now found twelve or twenty feet high. The outsides were composed of bright shining lava, heaped up in piles of most singular form. The lava on the inside was of a light or dark red colour, with a glazed surface, and in several places, where the heat had evidently been intense, they saw a deposit of small and beautifully white crystals. They also entered several covered channels, down which the lava had flowed into the large abyss. They were formed by the cooling of the lava, on the sides and surface of the stream, while it continued to flow underneath. As the size of the current diminished, it had left a hard crust of lava of various thicknesses over the top, supported by walls of the same materials on each side. The interior was beautiful beyond description. In many places they were ten or twelve feet high, and as many wide at the bottom. The roofs formed a regular arch, hung with red and brown stalactite lava, in every imaginable shape; while the bottom presented one continued glassy stream. The winding of its current, and the ripple of its surface were so entire, that it seemed as if, while in rapid motion, the stream had suddenly stopped and petrified, even before its undulated surface could subside. They travelled along one of these volcanic chambers to the edge of the precipice that bounds the great crater, and looked over the fearful steep down which the fiery cascade had rushed. In the space where it had fallen, the lava had formed a spacious basin, which, hardening as it cooled, had retained all those forms which a torrent of lava, falling several hundred feet, might be expected to produce on the viscid mass below."

Large rocks were scattered around, of four or five tons weight, which appeared to have been thrown out in the volcanic eruptions.

Within one hundred yards of the great crater is another of about half the size, called little Kirauea. "Its sides were covered with trees and shrubs, but the bottom was filled with lava, either fluid or scarcely cold, and probably supplied by the great crater, as the trees, &c. on its sides showed that it had remained many years in a state of quiescence." It was stated that there were many others in the neighbourhood.

So hot are the ground and the air and vapours issuing from it, that the natives formerly cooked, by these means, (and it would have been considered as impious to do it by any other,) the various sacrifices offered to Pele; and even food for ordinary purposes is always cooked here, simply by burying it in the ground. This is done by the wood cutters and by the bird catchers.

Ascending a precipice of 400 feet in elevation, the party enjoyed an extensive view of this interesting country—of Mouna Roa and Mouna Kea, in the distance; and they could with a glass discover on Mouna Roa, "numerous extinguished craters, with brown and black streams of lava, over the whole extent of its surface. The higher parts were totally destitute of vegetation, though its foot was encircled on the side nearest to them, by trees and shrubs, which extended from its base six or seven miles."

Here they took their last view of the wide-stretched sunken plain, with all its hills and banks of sulphur, its blazing craters, and its igneous lake.

"The uneven summits of the steep rocks, that, like a wall, many miles in extent, surrounded the crater, and all its appendages, showed the original level of the country, or perhaps marked the base of some lofty mountain, originally raised by the accumulation of volcanic matter, whose bowels had been consumed by fire, and whose sides

had afterwards fallen into the vast furnace, where, reduced a second time to a liquified state, they had again been vomited out on the adjacent plain."

"But the magnificent fires of Kirauea, which they had viewed with such admiration, appeared to dwindle into taper glimmerings, when they contemplated the possible, not to say probable existence, of immense subterranean fires immediately beneath them. The whole island of Hawaii, covering a space of 4000 square miles, from the summits of its lofty mountains, perhaps 1500 or 1600 feet above the level of the sea,* down to the beach that is washed by the rolling wave, is, according to every observation that the travellers could make, one complete mass of lava, or other volcanic matter, in different stages of decomposition, and, perforated with innumerable apertures (or craters,) forms, perhaps, a stupendous arch over one vast furnace, situated in the heart of a huge submarine mountain, of which the island of Hawaii is but the apex. Or possibly, the fires rage with augmented force at the unfathomable depth of the ocean's bed, and reared, through the superincumbent weight of waters, a hollow mountain, forming the base of Hawaii, and at the same time a pyramidal funnel, from the furnace to the atmosphere."

It seems rather remarkable that strawberries and raspberries, which usually flourish best in moist situations, should be found in Hawaii around the volcanic summits, and even in some cases in the vicinity of the crater. Within a few miles of Kirauea, the travellers passed three or four high and rugged craters. One of them was said by the natives to have inundated the surrounding country about fourteen generations back. The sides of these craters are generally covered with verdure, while the broken irregular rocks on their surface "frowned like the battlements of an ancient castle in ruins." They descended from one escarpement to another, over lava more or less decomposed. One descent was 400 feet, and another 500, which brought them to "a tract of lava considerably decomposed, and about five miles wide, at the end of which another steep appeared." Down this they descended "by following the course of a rugged current of lava, for about 800 feet perpendicular depth, when they arrived at the plain below, which was one extended sheet of lava, without shrub or bush, stretching to the north and south as far as the eye could reach, and from four to six miles across, from the foot of the mountain to the sea." They crossed the flood of lava in about two hours, and arrived at a village, whose inhabitants were unwilling to believe that the travellers had not only been to Kirauea, but had broken the sulphur banks, eaten the ohelos, descended to the craters, and broken fragments of lava from them, for Pele, they said, was a dreadful being, and would certainly have avenged the insult. They were, however, convinced by the sight of the specimens, but said that the travellers had escaped because they were foreigners. Pele, they said, had, only five moons ago, issued from a subterranean cavern, overflowed the low land of Kupapala, carried into the sea some of the inhabitants, and a huge rock, nearly one hundred feet high, which, a little while before, had been separated by an earthquake from the main pile. They stated that it now stands in the sea, nearly a mile from shore, its bottom fixed in lava, and its summit rising considerably above the water.

The missioneries thought it probable that the eruption here alluded to arose from "the body of the lava, which had filled Kirauea up to the black ledge, between 300 and 400 feet above the liquid lava; that it had, at the time spoken of, been drawn off by this subterranean channel, though the distance between the great crater and the land overflowed by it was not less than thirty or thirty-five miles."

On the 3d of August, the missiona ries arrived at the village of Kaimu, where they heard from the people a confirmation from eye-witnesses of the statement as to the transportation of the great rock:—"they recapitulated the contest between Pele and Tamepuaa, and related the adventures of several warriors, who, with spear in hand, had opposed the volcanic demons, when coming down on a torrent of lava."

"They would not believe that the travellers had dared to "break off pieces of Pele's house," and when they saw the specimens, they were not inclined to handle them.

The missionaries observed the cracks in the ground and in the houses, produced by a recent earthquake. "Earthquakes are common over the whole island, though not so frequent in this vicinity as in the northern and western parts. They are not generally violent, except when they immediately precede the eruption of a volcano." The path from Kaimu had been smooth and pleasant; but shortly after leaving Kaimali, they passed "a very rugged tract of lava, nearly four miles across. The lava seemed as if broken to pieces while cooling; it had continued to roll on like a stream of large scoria or cinders. Their progress across it was slow and fatiguing."

As the party travelled out of Punaloa, "the lava was covered with a tolerably thick layer of soil, and the verdant plain, extending several miles towards the foot of the mountains, was agreeably diversified by groups of picturesque hills, originally craters, but now clothed with grass, and ornamented with clumps of trees. The natives informed them that three of these groups, Honuaura, Malama, and Maria, being contiguous and joined at their base, arrested the progress of an immense torrent of lava, which, in the days of Taiaiopu, the friend of Capt. Cook, inundated all the country beyond them."

After traversing another tract of rough lava they arrived at Kappoho, situated in an amphitheatre, once evidently a crater, but now filled with people and cottages, and smiling with verdure and cultivation. The centre was occupied by a brackish lake, in which the children were swimming, sporting, and diving.

On the 13th of August, near Waiakea, they observed three streams of fresh water that empty themselves into the bay of Waiakea; one rises among the summits of Mouna Kea, and the two others boil up through the lava, near the shore, fill several large fish-ponds, and empty into the sea.

The face of the country near Waiakea is rendered very beautiful by the frequent rains, and the long repose which this region has enjoyed from the desolating effects of volcanic eruptions.

As the travellers occasionally avoided the roughness of the land by coasting along the shores, they had opportunity to observe the bold volcanic rocks, springing up sometimes 600 feet perpendicularly from the sea, and displaying various strata of vesicular lava, from which the water was frequently seen oozing or gushing in fountains.

At Laupahuapoe they saw the ruins of a mountain of nearly 600 feet elevation, which, nine months before, had fallen into the sea in consequence of an earthquake. The cloven surface of the mountain, still in its original position, was smooth and vertical, while the fragments lay below in a state of frightful desolation, mixed with the ruins of houses, and spread for half a mile along the coast. The catastrophe, although indicated by some lambent flames that appeared at evening on the top of the rock, was so sudden that a number of the inhabitants were involved in the consequences.

On the 25th of August, Mr. Goodrich commenced his ascent up Mouna Kea. The soil was formed of decomposed lava and ashes. At noon he dismissed his native companion, and, taking his great coat and blanket, began to ascend the more steep and rugged parts. The way was difficult, on account of the volcanic rocks and stunted shrubs that covered the sides of the mountain. On his way up he found a number of red and white raspberry bushes, loaded with delicious fruit. At five, p. m. having reached the upper boundary of the trees and bushes that surround the mountain, he erected a temporary hut, kindled a small fire, and prepared for his night's repose. The thermometer, shortly after sun setting, stood at 45°, and the magnet, though it pointed north when held in the hand, was drawn two or three degrees to the eastward when placed on the blocks of lava; owing, probably, to the great quantity of iron in the mountain. After a few hour's rest, he arose at eleven o'clock at night, and the moon shining brightly, he resumed his journey towards the summit. At midnight he saw the snow about three miles distant, directed his steps towards the place, and reached it about one o'clock in the morning of the 26th. The snow was frozen over, and the thermometer stood at 27 degrees.

He now directed his steps towards a neighbouring peak, which appeared one of the highest, but when he had ascended it, he saw several others still higher. He proceeded towards one which appeared the highest, and bore north-east from the place where he was. On reaching the summit of this second peak, he discovered a heap of stones, probably erected by some former visitor. From this peak Mouna Roa bore south by west; Mouna Huarai, west by south; and the Island of Maui, north-west. The several hills or peaks on the summit of Mouna Kea seemed composed entirely of volcanic matter, principally cinders, pumice, and sand. Mr. Goodrich did not discover any aperture or crater on either of the summits he visited. Probably there is a large crater somewhere on the summit, from whence the scoria, sand, and pumice have been thrown out. The whole of the summit was not covered with snow. There were only frequent patches, apparently several miles in extent, over which the snow was about eight inches or a foot in thickness. The ocean to the east and west was visible, but the high land on the north and south prevented its being seen in those directions.

Mr. Goodrich commenced his descent about three o'clock, and after travelling over large beds of sand and cinders, into which he sunk more than ankle deep at every step, he reached, about sun-rise, the place where he had slept the preceding evening. The descent in several places, especially over the snow, was steep and difficult, and the utmost caution was necessary to avoid a fall. In his way down, he saw, at a distance, several heads of wild cattle, which are very numerous in the mountains and inland parts of the island.

The natives said they were informed by their fathers that all the land had once been overflowed by the sea, except a small peak on the top of Mouna Kea, where two human beings were preserved from the destruction which overtook the rest.

The analysis and abstract which we have now given of the journal of the missionaries, as regards the volcanic appearances of Hawaii, presents a series of facts, in the highest degree interesting and instructive. In vol. 4, at page 251, we gave a similar exhibition of the leading facts observed by Dr. J. W. Webster, and recortled in his very valuable and entertaining account of the Azores. Those observations were made and recorded by a man of science, professedly investigating the natural history of the country where he was residing, and they certainly do much credit both to his industry and discrimination. It is with great pleasure that we add our warm commendation of the late effort of the missionaries. Situated in a remote island, in the vast expanse of the Pacific, intensely and ardently occupied in their great object, the moral improvement and civilization of the natives;—remote from the lights of science, and subjected to physical privations both frequent and severe, we certainly owe them many thanks for the great amount of valuable information which they have, *incidentally*, contributed, on the subject of the natural history of one of the most remarkable volcanic regions in the world. They have, in a very pleasing manner, blended scientific with moral instruction; and both the scientific and religious world will unite in expressing their acknowledgments to the missionaries. It is a happy illustration of the importance of uniting scientific and religious qualifications in the character of the missionary, and, in our view, every important mission, especially in a *terra incognita* (and there are many such) should be furnished with good observers and good instruments to illustrate the different branches of natural history and of physical science. It is no offence to the higher and more appropriate objects, to add, that dignity is thus shed on the mission, both in the view of the natives and in that of the civilized communities of Christian countries. We are confident that many persons will peruse the late journal of the missionaries, in Hawaii, because it imparts so much incidental information, while no intelligent person, of whatever feelings or sentiments, will wish the amount of that information diminished.

Mineralogy and geology, botany and zoology, astronomy and geography, philology, antiquities, and history, may derive very important aid from the missionaries, as indeed valuable information has often been obtained from them in years that are past.

We are gratified also with the journal of a tour around Hawaii, on account of the manner in which it is written. It is a manly, perspicuous, *common sense* book, and (very judiciously, in our view) omits the colloquial epithets of personal affection, with which missionaries are wont to clothe their narratives, and which, although perfectly proper in *private* communications, appear trite and formal in the view of the world.

The missionaries did not forget to avail themselves of their superior knowledge, to enlighten, as far as possible, the dark intelligence of the Hawaiians as to the origin of volcanoes from physical causes, operating according to the laws impressed on matter, by the omnipotent and all-wise Creator, and they strove by every means in their power to subvert their superstitious belief in the agency of demons of fire and earthquakes, whom it was necessary to propitiate by penances, sacrifices, and privations, mingled with habitual slavish fear.

We conclude by expressing the hope that we may soon be favoured with other productions similar to that from which we have now made such copious extracts. We trust that all who may peruse these remarks will be inclined to read the volume of the missionaries. Besides what relates to the mission, they will find very interesting notices of the scenery of the country, of its vegetable productions, and of the manners of its inhabitants. It appears that on one occasion "the natives produced fire by rubbing two dry sticks together."

* Admitting that snow is permanent on mountains in the torrid zone, at the height of 14,600 feet, it was supposed that this might be the height of Mouna Roa and Mouna Kea, as the tops of these mountains are covered with perpetual snow. Their summits are formed of decomposed lava, and contain numerous craters.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Permit me to ask the favour of insertion for the underwritten lines in your widely circulated miscellany. I am more ambitious of this honour, because I should look in vain within the compass of half a dozen neighbouring counties for an equally valuable medium of communication with the literary portion of society in this part of the country, and I am the more bold in making this request from your having promised to insert a little paper which I sent you about a month ago, and which, I suppose, will appear in its turn, like the sermons of a certain clergyman, which were annually stowed in the dolly tub, and preached as each one came uppermost.—I am yours, truly,

Upper Parliament-street, Oct. 26, 1826. SCRIPSERO.

THE ABODE OF SPIRITS.

A SKETCH.

Nothing is more common with mankind than to suppose that the abode of spiritual beings is placed at a great distance from them. The very mention of heaven connects with it an idea of a place of happiness, situated some millions of miles above our heads, while, on the contrary, hell, or the seat of misery, is fixed at the centre of our earth amidst furnaces, where the glowing fires of volcanoes are kindled.

Thus, on a like principle, the Greeks and Romans feigned the residence of the gods and of the blessed to be at the summit of the lofty Olympus; and Tartarus, or hell, was situated within the earth, and to come at it a descent was implied.

> "The gates of hell stand open night and day,
> Short the *descent*, and *easy* is the way."—*Virgil.*

This habit of imagining heaven to be above, and hell beneath us, arises, evidently, from our associating with the idea of any thing noble or superior, the idea of height and loftiness; and with the idea of any thing mean or base, the idea of lowness.

But how much better is the sentiment of the poet,

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."—*Milton.*

We are surrounded by the inhabitants of the spiritual world, we are enveloped in a cloud of witnesses; in the closet, in the council, or in the field, "the awful faces of our fathers bend over us;" they witness our actions, and rejoice or grieve accordingly as our conduct is virtuous or vicious. It is pleasant to think that there is nothing between us and the spiritual world but the thin covering of our bodies, and that when this shroud of mortality shall be torn off, we shall in a moment be present with the spirits of other ages.

Death, in this case, would not seem to use the violence of a removal, nor to interfere with our locality, but simply drawing aside the curtain of life to admit us at once into the society of the phantom race.

If, indeed, the wild speculations of Bishop Berkeley could be believed, the case would simply stand thus:—The spirits of those men that are dead are not removed to any distance from you; but as it has pleased Almighty God to remove from the minds of those men those ideas of sensation which constituted to them the "furniture of this earth, and all the mighty choir of heaven," and to replace them with other ideas, these men being no longer conscious of the same sensations as yourselves, are by you supposed to be removed far away; whereas, the only separation in reality, is this, that they perceive sensations and ideas of one description and you of another.—Were we to follow Berkeley we might arrive at such a conclusion on fair logical principles.

The above thoughts were occasioned by reflecting upon the lines of Milton, which I have already quoted, and whilst musing upon them I fell asleep and dreamed a dream. Suddenly a hall surrounded by benches, such as are to be seen in St. Stephen's Chapel, appeared before me; whether, indeed, it was that celebrated council-room, or the Roman Senate-house, or even the American hall of Congress, I cannot tell, for my perception at first was very indistinct. At one end of the hall was a seat of authority, perhaps a throne, or a curule chair; but I did not see any occupiers of the benches—all was gloomy and still. I thought, however, that my vision gradually became more discerning, and those seats which a little before seemed to be unoccupied, were now closely filled with shadowy forms. My curiosity was so much raised that I strained my eyes to the utmost in order to discover what kind of beings were before me. I soon found that they were not beings of this world, and yet they resembled men very much. Each spirit was inwrapped in a long white mantle like a Roman gown, his feet and hands were pale, and his head and face were uncovered. His eyes seemed to be glazed, and without vision, like those of a statue, and there was no colour in his cheeks. As I gazed upon this ghastly assembly, one of the figures arose, and instantly the faces of all the others were turned towards him, and they seemed with their large sightless eye-balls to stare at him intensely. The figure that rose, apparently to address the assembly, was tall and gigantic, but although he moved his lips and distorted his features with great violence, I could not hear the slightest sound—all was silent as death. As the orator proceeded, he writhed his body, he raised his unearthly arm, and whilst he thus stood appealing with an impassioned gesture to the Omnipotent, the countenances of the whole assembly seemed to be convulsed, and their dry bones to shiver. After a great variety of action and gesture, at length he seemed to accuse one of the assembly opposite; he shook his clenched fist at his opponent, he compressed his lips, and showed all the signs of the most bitter hostility. His phantom adversary, however, shrunk not in the least, but appeared to treat the charge with utter scorn. All immediately became confusion; the lips of the whole assembly moved, their hands were lifted up in support of their favourite leaders, and they all rose from their seats. In vain did the shade who sat on the throne show signs of anger, and apparently call upon them to desist; in vain he threw his sceptre of authority to the ground in the midst of them; the whole assembly drew their swords from their sides, and descending from opposite benches, met in the centre with marks of the greatest fury and hate. Deadly was the encounter; they grappled, they stabbed, they fell. Alarmed for my safety in the midst of this furious multitude, I started from my slumber with an exclamation of terror. Soon, however, perceiving myself safe, I began to reflect upon what I had seen: These, said I, are the ghosts of our ancestors who stand at our sides when we are unconscious of their presence: they frequent the scenes of their temporal actions; they crowd the benches of our halls and our temples, and, in the abode of the living, retrace the deeds which long since have passed away.

> "Parsque forum celebrant, pars imitacta tyranni
> Pars alias artes antiquae imitamina vitae."—*Ovid.*

SCRIPSERO.

To Correspondents.

PHRENOLOGY.—Alas for poor phrenology or bumpology! It has received a mortal blow on the head, which will probably obliterate all the new organs, and reduce our senses to the original five or seven (we forgot the exact number) which we were taught to believe constituted the human stock. Our readers are already apprized of the estimation in which we hold this same science, as it was pompously and ridiculously termed; and we advise those who entertain more respect for it than we do, to read the first article in the last *Edinburgh Review*, where they will find the subject treated with a happy mixture of argument and irony, which will go far to explode the whole quackery.

ISLAND OF OWYHEE.—In order to bring this interesting narrative to a close in our present number, we have postponed, until next week, the paper on the ancient ships of war, to the insertion of which we are pledged, and which is prepared in the type.

NEW MUSICAL NOTATION.—*Mr. Macdonald's* letter is reserved for next week. In the meantime we shall introduce a few extracts into the *Mercury*, as the writer is so solicitous to have the subject noticed there. Owing, perhaps, to the nature of the subject, *Mr. Macdonald's* letters are too long to be inserted in a journal in which so many other matters are looked for of more immediate interest. We shall offer some further remarks to *Mr. M.*, in the *Kaleidoscope*, respecting some misconception, on his part, of what we have said; and, in the meantime must observe, that it is our firm conviction that none of the alleged improvements which we have seen, either of Dibdin, Macdonald, or any other person, will ever supersede the present mode of musical notation, a mode whereby a musician is enabled, at a glance, to perform a most rapid or complicated piece of music in four parts.

DISSECTION OF BODIES.—Our correspondent, *A Young Surgeon*, is informed, that we intend, in the course of our series of articles on this important subject, to introduce the whole of that most valuable paper which appeared some time ago in the *Westminster Review*.—If we insert the letter of *Paul Pry* on this subject, we must omit some of the expressions. The scene he has imagined is well expressed, but is of too revolting a nature to be given in the precise words of the original.

CHESS.—Our correspondent *Caledoniensis*, who last week put a query to us respecting our mode of reading off the chess moves, is informed, that in an old edition of Stamma's work, printed in 1745, the letters and figures of the board are the same as those we adopt, but there is, nevertheless, a material difference, and that difference is in favour of our method. Stamma makes the letters represent the pieces as well as the squares, thus:—A stands for the Queen's Rook, B for her Knight, C for her Bishop, and so on, in order, as far as H, which stands for the King's Rook.—This is clumsy and perplexing, as there is no analogy whatever between the letters and the pieces, although the letters answer very well to point out squares. In our mode we retain the letters and the figures to designate the squares, but we reject them as indicative of the pieces, to which we either give their proper full names in full, or the initials C. K. B. Q., king given in full to distinguish it from the knight. We will here describe the game CV. in a preceding page, by Stamma's method and ours. Stamma would describe the position thus:

White E—G 1 H—E 7—
Black E—H 1 H—F 4—
Pawns G 2 G 4—

We state it thus:

White King G 1—Castle E 7
Black King H 1—Castle F 4—Pawns G 2 G 4

A moment's reflection will convince any person that it is a simplification to call the pieces by their proper names or initials, rather than to use the same letters for the pieces and their squares. In practice we have found Stamma's plan very confused, and that which we have adopted as simple as possible.

POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.—In conformity with the request of *J. H. S.* and in the fulfilment of our own promise, we shall here copy from our notes affixed to his verses, the judgment which we passed upon his proffered composition,—"The SUICIDE."—N. B. Very obscure, and filled with inapplicable epithets; some of the verses quite unintelligible. The whole presents no picture to the mind, which remains in doubt as to the drift of the writer. Some of the words (*no mowless*) not English. The author appears to have formed his style in the Lake school. We have "so faint, so few"—"so much the same"—"Whispering and murmurings" are described as being at the same time "wild" and "mild." We here give the verse:—

> And silently there upwards came
> Whisperings and murmurings wild;
> So faint, so few, so much the same,
> They rose as echoes mild.

Amongst many beauties to be found in Wordsworth's works we not unfrequently meet with such unintelligible "imaginings" as these. Lastly, the moral which the author would, we presume, inculcate, appears to us to be a *non sequitur*.—If *J. H. S.* will consult some judicious and impartial friend, we are of opinion that he will not conceive our decision harsh or erroneous.

H. D. must excuse our criticising what we have not seen. We are not in the habit of perusing the work to which he has directed our attention; not because we underrate the talents of its conductors, but simply because we have enough of our own business to attend to, and other works to consult from which we are certain of deriving pleasure and instruction.

T. M.'s verses do not suit the *Kaleidoscope*.

We have further to acknowledge *Crispin*—*C. G. P.*—*W. B.*—*Paul Pry*—*J. S.* of Manchester—*W. A.*—*The Observer.*

Printed, published, and sold, EVERY TUESDAY, by E. SMITH & Co. 75, Lord-street, Liverpool.